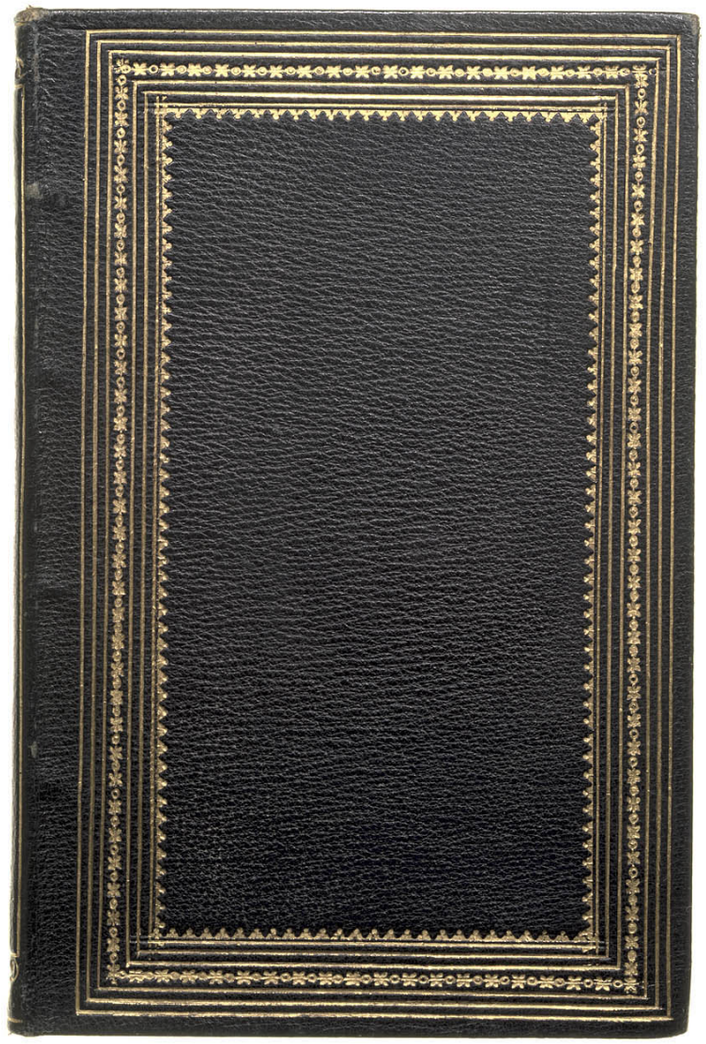

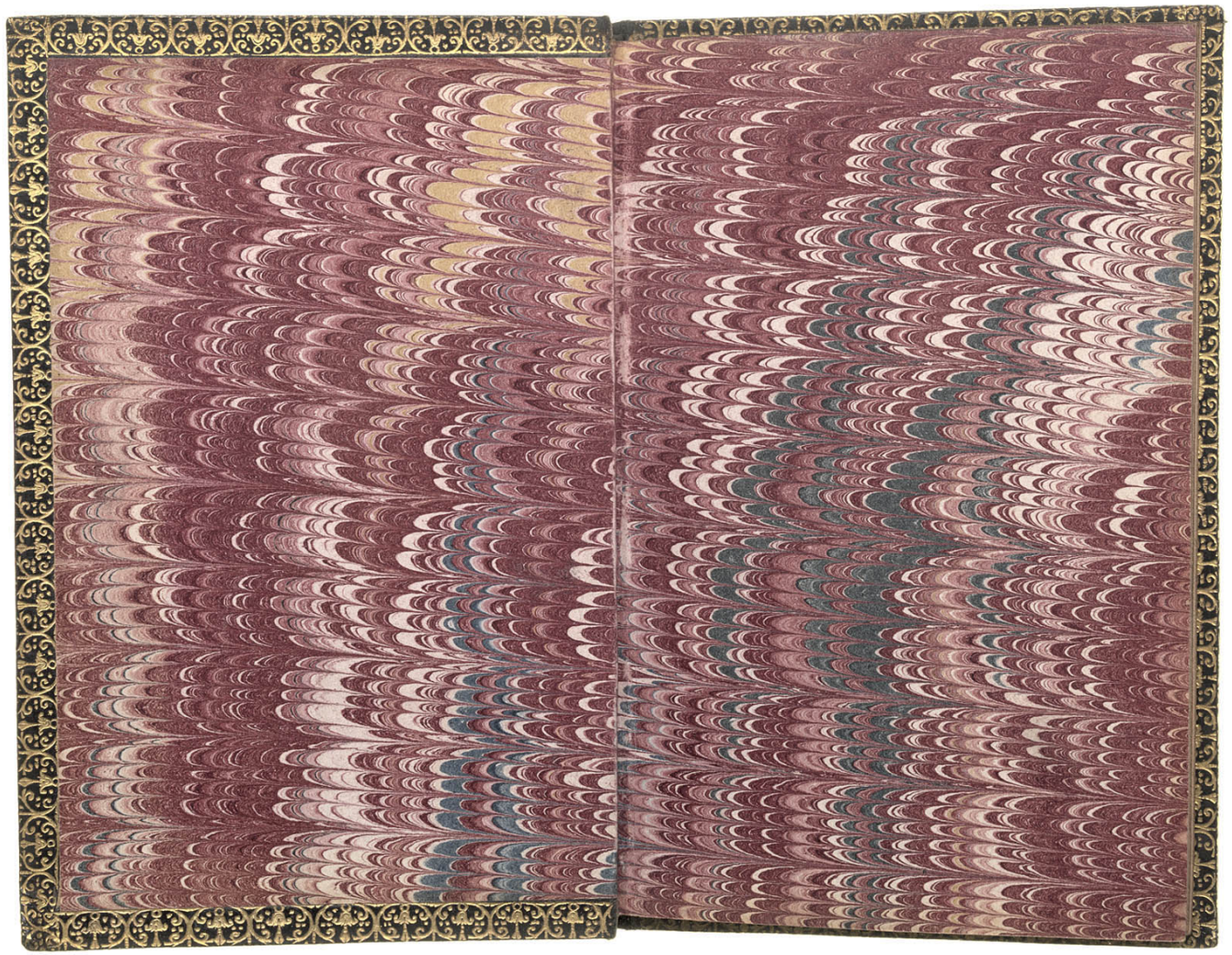

The 1655 ed. was probably printed from this. See does in l. 325.

JA 3717

This is no doubt the ed. of 1632, but to make assurance doubly sure, I had better some day take this copy for comparison.

~~Nov 10 8~~

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BOUND BY TUCKETT

I have been unable to trace the edition to which this fragment belongs. It is probably unique.

Certainly not ed. 1616 or 1624. The arrangement of the type differs.

I strongly suspect that this is really the ed. 1632, ~~XII~~ no copy of which is now known to exist, the only one traced to have existed having disappeared. This is more than a fragment. It has 27 leaves out of 32.

This is my conjecture now, but I see in my folio ed.n I then considered it to be previous to 1616.

TO THE RIGHT HONOVrable, HENRY WRIOTHESLEY, Earle of *South-hampton*, and Baron of *Tich-field*.

THE Loue I dedicate to your Lordſhip is without end : whereof this Pamphlet without beginning, is but a ſuperfluous Moity. The warrant I haue of your Honourable diſpoſition, not the worth of my vntutord lines makes it aſſured of acceptance. What I haue done is yours, what I haue to doe is yours, being ſpart in all I haue deuoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty ſhould ſhew greater : meane time, as it is, it is bound to your Lord-ſhip ;

To whom I wiſh long life ſtill,
lengthened with all
happineſſe.

Your Lordſhips in all duty

The Argument.

LVcius Tarquinius (*for his excessiue pride surnamed* Superbus) *after he had caused his owne father in lawe* Seruius Tullius *to be cruelly murdered, and contrary to the Roman lawes and customes, not requiring or staying for the peoples suffrages, had possessed himselfe of the kingdome: went accompanied with his sonnes and other noble men of* Rome *to besiege* Ardea: *during which, the principall men of the Army meeting one euening at the Tent of* Sextus Tarquinius, *the kings son, in their discourses after supper, euery one commended the vertues of his own wife: among whom* Colatinus *extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife* Lucretia. *In that pleasant humor they al posted to* Rome, *and intending by their secret and sudden arriuall, to make triall of that which euery one had before auouched, onely* Colatinus *finds his wife (though it were late in the night) spinning amongst her maids, the other Ladies were all found dancing and reuelling, or in seuerall disports. Whereupon the Noble men yeelded* Colatinus *the victo-*

tus Tarquinius *being enflamed with* Lucreces *beauty; yet smothering his passion for the present, departed with the rest backe to the Campe, from whence he shortly after priuily with-drew himselfe, and was (according to his state) royally entertained and lodged by* Lucrece *at* Colatium. *The same night, hee trecherously stealeth into her Chamber, violently rauisht her, and early in the morning speedeth away.* Lucrece *in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to* Rome *for her father, another to the Camp for* Colatine. *They came, the one accompanied with* Iunius Brutus, *the other with* Publius Valerius: *and finding* Lucrece *attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She first taking an oath of them for her reuenge, reuealed the acter, and whole manner of his dealing, and withall suddenly stabbed her selfe. Which done, with consent, they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the* Tarquins: *and bearing the dead body to* Rome, Brutus *acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter inuectiue against the tyranny of the King, wherewith the people were so moued with one consent, and a generall acclamation, that the* Tarquins *were all exiled, & the state gouernment changed from Kings to Consuls.*

The Contents.

1 LVCRECE praises for chaste, vertuous, and beautifull enamoreth *Tarquin*:
2 *Tarquin* welcomed by *Lucrece*.
3 *Tarquin* ouerthrowes al disputing with wilfulnesse.
4 He puts his resolution in practise.
5 *Lucrece* awakes and is amazed to be so surprized.
6 She pleads in defence of Chastity.
7 *Tarquin* all impatient, interrupteth her, and rauisheth her by force.
8 *Lucrece* complaines on her abuse.
9 She disputeth whether she should kill her selfe or no.
10 She is resolued on her selfe-murther, yet sendeth first for her Husband.
11 *Colatinus* with his friends returne home.
12 *Lucrece* relateth the mischiefe: they sweare reuenge, and she to exasperate the matter, killeth her selfe.

THE

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

1 *The praising of* Lucrece *as chast, vertuous, and beautifull, maketh* Tarquin *enamored.*

FRom the besieged *Ardea* all in post,
Borne by the trustlesse wings of *false desire*,
Lust-breathed *Tarquin* leaues the *Roman* (host,
And to *Colatium* beares the lightlesse *fire*,
Which in pale *embers* hid, lurkes to aspire
And girdle with imbracing *flames* the *wast*,
Of *Colatines* faire *loue*, *Lucrece* the chast.

Haply that name of *chast*, vnhaply set
This bateless *edge* on his keene *appetite*:
When *Colatine* vnwisely did not let
To praise the cleere vnmatched *red* and *white*,
Which triumpht in that *skie* of his delight,
Where *mortall* star as bright as heauens *beauties*,
With pure *aspects* did him peculiar *duties*.

For he the night before in *Tarquins* tent,
Vnlockt the *treasure* of his happy state:
What priceless *wealth* the *heauens* had him lent
In the possession of his *beauteous mate*,
Reckoning his fortune at so high a rate
That *Kings* might be espoused to more *fame*:
But *King* nor *Prince* to such a peerelesse *dame*.

O happinesse enioyed but of a few,
And if possest, as soone decayde and done:
As if the *morningis* siluer melting dew,
Against the *golden* splendor of the *Sunne*,
A date expir'd: and *cancel'd* ere begun.
Honor and *beauty* in the owners armes,

Beauty it selfe, doth of it selfe perswade
The *eyes* of men without an *Orator*,
What needeth then *Apologies* be made
To set forth that which is so *singular* ?
Or why is *Colatine* the publisher
Of that *rich Iewell* he should keepe vnknowne,
From theeuish *eares* because it is his owne ?

Perchance his boast of *Lucrece Sou'raignty*,
Suggested this proud *issue* of a *King* :
For by our *eares* our *hearts* oft tainted be,
Perchance that enuy of so rich a thing
Brauing compare, disdainefully did sting (vant
His high pitcht *thoughts*, that meaner men should
The *golden hap* which their *superiors* want.

But some vntimely *thought* did instigate,
His all too timelesse speede, if none of those,
His *honor*, his *affaires*, his *friends*, his *state*,
Neglected all ; with swift intent he goes,
To quench the *coale* which in his liuer growes.
O rash false *heat*, wrapt in repentant cold,
Thy hasty *spring* still blasts and n'ere growes old,

Tarquin welcomed by Lucrece

When at *Colatia* this false *Lord* arriued,
Well was he welcom'd by the *Romane dame*,
Within whose face *beauty* and *vertue* striued,
Which of them both should vnderprop her fame,
When *vertue* brag'd, *beauty* would blush for shame
When *beauty* boasted blushes, in despight
Vertue would staine that o're with *siluer white*.

But *beauty* in that *white* intituled,
From *Venus doues* doth challenge that *faire field*,
Then *vertue* claimes from *beauty* beauties red,
Which vertue gaue the *golden* age to gild
Their *siluer cheekes*, and cald it then their *shield*,
Teaching them thus to vse it in the fight,

This *Herauldry* in *Lucrece* face was seene,
Argued by *beauties* red and *vertues white*,
Of eithers colour was the other *Queene*;
Prouing from *worlds minority* their right,
Yet their *ambition* makes them still to fight :
The *sou'ragnity*, of either being so great,
That oft they interchange each others *seat*.

This silent *warre* of *Lillies* and of *Roses*,
Which *Tarquin* view'd in her faire *faces field*,
In their pure *ranks* his *traytor* eye encloses,
Where least between them both it should be kild,
The coward *captiue* vanquished doth yeeld
To those two *armes* that would let him goe,
Rather than triumph in so false a *foe*.

Now thinks he that her *husband* shallow tongue,
The *niggard prodigall* that prais'd her so,
In that high task hath done her *beauty* wrong,
Which farre exceeds his *barren skill* to show.
Therefore that *praise* which *Colatine* doth owe,
Inchanted *Tarquin* answers with surmise,
In silent *wonder* of still *gazing eyes*.

This earthly *Saint* adored by this *Diuell*;
Little supecteth the *false worshipper* ;
"For thoughts vnstain'd doe sildome dreame on (*euil*,
"*Birds* neuer lim'd, no secret *bushes* feare :
So guiltlesse she securely giues *good* cheare,
And reuerend *welcome* to her princely *guest*,
Whose *inward* ill no *outward harme* exprest.

For that he coloured with his high *estate*,
Hiding base *sinne* in pleats of *Maiesty* :
That nothing in him seem'd *inordinate*,
Saue sometime too much wonder of his *eye*,
Which hauing *all*, *all* could not satisfie ;

But ſhe that neuer cop't with *ſtranger eyes*,
Could pick no meaning from their *parling lookes*,
Nor read the ſubtile *shining ſecrecies*
Writ in the glaſſie margents of ſuch *bookes*,
She toucht no vnknowne *baits*, not fear'd no *hooks*,
Nor could ſhe moralize his wanton ſight,
More than his *eyes* were opend to the *light*.

He ſtories to her *eares* her *husbands* fame,
Wonne in the fields of fruitfull *Italy*:
And decks with praiſes *Colatines* high name,
Made glorious by his manly *chiualry*,
With bruiſed armes and wreaths of victory;
Her *ioy* with heaued-vp hand ſhee doth expreſſe,
And wordleſſe ſo greets *heauen* for his ſucceſſe.

Far from the purpoſe of his comming thither,
He makes *excuſes* for his being there;
No cloudy *show* of ſtormy bluſtring wether
Doth yet in his faire *welkin* once appeare,
Till ſable *night* ſad ſource of dread and feare,
Vpon the *world* dim *darkneſſe* doth diſplay,
And in her vaulty *priſon* ſhuts the day.

For then is *Tarquin* brought vnto his *bed*,
Intending *wearineſſe* with heauy *ſprite*:
For after ſupper long he queſtioned
With modeſt *Lucrece*, and wore out the *night*:
Now *leaden ſlumber* with liues ſtrength doth fight,
And euery one to reſt themſelues betake,
Saue *thecues*, and *cares*, & *troubled minds* that wake.

As one of which doth *Tarquin* lie reuoluing
The ſundry *dangers* of his *wils* obtaining:
Yet euer to obtaine his *will* reſoluing. (ning,
Though weake-built *hopes* perſwade him to abſtai-
Deſpaire to gaine doth traffique oft for *gaining*,

Thoſe that much *couet* are with *gaine* ſo fond,
That *oft* they haue not *that* which they poſſeſſe,
They ſcatter and vnlooſe it from the *bond*,
And ſo by hoping *more* they haue but *leſſe*,
Or gaining more the profit of *exceſſe*,
Is but to ſurfet, and ſuch *griefes* ſuſtaine,
That they proue bankrout in this *poore rich gaine*.

The ayme of *all* is but to nurſe the *life*
With *honour*, *wealth* and *eaſe*, in wayning age:
And in this *ayme* there is ſuch *thwarting ſtrife*,
That one for *all*, or *all* for *one* we gage:
As *life* for honor, in fell battailes rage,
Honor for *wealth*, and oft that *wealth* doth coſt
The death of *all*, and all together loſt.

So that in ventring *ill*, we leaue to *be*
The things we *are*, for that which we expect:
And this ambitious foule *infirmity*,
In hauing *much*, torments vs with defect
Of that we *haue*: ſo then we doe neglect
The thing we haue, and all for want of *wit*,
Make *ſomething nothing*, by augmenting it.

Such hazard now muſt doting *Tarquin* make,
Pawning his *honor* to obtaine his *luſt*:
And for himſelfe, himſelfe he muſt forſake:
Then where is *truth*, if there be not *ſelfe-truſt*;
When ſhall he thinke to finde a *ſtranger* iuſt,
When he himſelfe himſelfe confounds, betraies
To ſlanderous *tongues* wreiched hatefull daies?

Now ſtole vpon the *time* the dead of *night*,
When heauy ſleep had clos'd vp mortall *eye*,
No comfortable *ſtarre* did lend his light,
No noiſe but *Owles* and *Wolues* death-boding cries:
Now ſerues the *ſeaſon* that they may ſurprize
The ſilly *Lambs*, pure thoughts are dead and *ſtill*,

3
Tarquin disputing the matter at last resolues to satisfie his lust.

And now this lustfull *Lord* leapt from his *bed*,
Throwing his *mantle* rudely ore his *arme*,
Is madly tost betweene *desire* and *dread*;
Th'one sweetely flatters, th'other feareth harme;
But honest *feare*, bewitcht with *lusts* foule charme,
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brain-sicke rude *desire*.

His *Fauchion* on a *flint* he softly smiteth,
That from the cold *stone* sparkes of *fire* doth flie,
Whereat a *waxen* torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which must be *lode-star* to his lustfull *eye*,
And to the *flame* thus speaks aduisedly;
As from this cold *flint* I enforst this fire,
So *Lucrece* must I force to my *desire*.

Here pale with *feare* he doth premeditate,
The *dangers* of his lothsome enterprise:
And in his inward *minde* he doth debate
What following *sorrow* may on this arise:
Then looking scornefully, he doth despise
His naked *armour* of still slaughtered lust,
And iustly thus controls his *thoughts* vniust.

Faire *torch* burne out thy light, and lend it not,
To darken her whose *light* excelleth thine:
And die vnhallowed *thoughts* before you blot
With your *vncleannesse* that which is *diuine*:
Offer pure *incense* to so pure a *shrine*:
Let faire *humanity* abhor the *deed*,
That *spots* and *staines* loues modest snow-white (weed.

O shame to *knighthood*, and to shining *armes*,
O foule *dishonour* to my housholds *graue*:
O impious *Act* including all foule *harmes*,
A martiall *man* to be soft *fancies* slaue,
True *valour* still a true *respect* should haue;
Then my digression is so vile, so base,

Yes though I die the *scandall* will suruiue,
And be an *eie-sore* in my golden *coate*:
Some loathsome *dash* the *Herald* will contriue,
To cipher me how fondly I did dote:
That my *posterity* sham'd with the note
Shall curse my *bones*, and hold it for no sinne
To wish that I their *father* had not beene.

What win I if I gaine the thing I seeke?
A *dreame*, a *breath*, a *froth* of *fleeting* ioy,
Who buies a *minutes* mirth to waile a *weeke*?
Or sels *eternity* to get a *toy*?
For one sweet *grape* who will the *vine* destroy?
Or what fond *beggar* but to touch the *crowne*,
Would with the *scepter* straight be strucken down.

If *Colatinus* dreame of my intent,
Will he not wake; and in a desperate rage
Post hither, this vile *purpose* to preuent?
This siege that hath ingirt his marriage,
This *blur* to *youth*, this *sorrow* to the sage,
This *dying vertue*, this *suruiuing shame*,
Whose *crime* will beare an *euer-during blame*.

O what excuse can my *inuention* make
When thou shalt charge me with so blacke a *deed*:
Will not my *tongue* be mute, my fraile *ioynts* shake?
Mine *eies* forgoe their *light*, my false heart bleed?
The *guilt* being great, the *feare* doth still exceed,
And extreme *feare* can neither *fight* nor *flie*,
But cowardlike with trembling *terror* die.

Had *Colatinus* kild my Sonne or Sire,
Or laine in ambush to betray my *life*;
Or were he not my deare *friend*, this desire
Might haue excuse to worke vpon his *wife*;
As in *reuenge* or *quitall* of such *strife*:
But as he is my *kinsman*, my deare friend,

Shamefull it is, if once the *fact* be knowne,
Hatefull it is: there is no hate in *louing*,
Ile beg her loue: but she is not her *owne*:
The worst is but *deniall*, and *reprouing*.
My *will* is strong, past *reasons* weake remouing,
Who feares a *sentence* or an old mans sawe,
Shall by a *painted cloth* be kept in awe.

Thus (graceless) holds he disputation,
Tweene *frozen conscience* and hot *burning* will,
And with good *thoughts* makes dispensation,
Vrging the worser sense for vantage still.
Which in a moment doth *confound* and kill
All pure *effects*, and doth so farre proceed,
That what is vile shewes like a *vertuous deed*.

Quoth he, she tooke me kindly by the *hand*,
And gaz'd for *tydings* in my eager *eies*,
Fearing some bad *newes* from the warlike *band*
Where her beloued *Colatinus* lies.
O how her *feare* did make her *colour* rise?
First *red* as *Roses* that on *Lawne* we lay,
Then white as *Lawne* the *Roses* tooke away.

And now her *hand* in my *hand* being lockt,
Forst it to tremble with her loyall *feare*:
Which strooke her sad, and then it faster rocke,
Vntill her *husbands* welfare she did heare,
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a *cheare*
That had *Narcissus* seene her as she stood,
Selfe-loue had neuer drown'd him in the *flood*.

Why hunt I then for *colour* or excuses?
All *Orators* are dumbe when *beauty* pleads,
Poore *wretches* haue *remorse* in poore abuses,
Loue thriues not in the *heart* that shadowes dreads:
Affection is my *Captaine* and he leades:
And when this gaudy banner is displaide,

Then childish *feare* auant, *debating* die,
Respect and *Reason* wait on wrinkled *age*:
My *heart* shall neuer countermand mine *eye*,
Sad *pause* and *deepe Regard* beseems the Sage;
My *part* is *youth*, and beats these from the stage;
Desire my *pilot* is, *Beauty* my *prise*,
Then who feares sinking where such *treasure* lies?

As *corne* ore-growne by *weeds*, so heedfull feare
Is almost cloakt by vnresisted *lust*,
Away he steales with open listning *eare*,
Full of foule *hope* and full of fond mistrust:
Both which as seruitors to the vniust
So crosse him with their opposite perswasion,
That now he vowes a league, and now inuasion.

Within his thought her heauenly *image* sits,
And in the selfe same *seat* sits *Colatine*,
That *eye* which lookes on her, confounds his *wits*;
That *eye* which him beholds, as more diuine
Vnto a *view* so false will not incline:
But with a pure *appeale* seeks to the *heart*,
Which once corrupted, takes the worser part.

And therein heartens vp his servile *powers*,
Who flattered by their *leaders* iocond show,
Stuffe vp his *lust*, as minutes fill vp *howres*;
And as their *Captaine*, so their *pride* doth grow,
Paying more slauish *tribute* than they owe.
By reprobate *desire* thus madly led
The Romane Lord doth *march* to *Lucrece* bed.

The *lockes* betweene her *chamber* and his will,
Each one by him enforst, recites his *ward*,
But as they open, they all rate his *ill*,
Which driues the creeping *theefe* to some regard.
The *threshold* grates the *dore* to haue him heard;
Night-wandring *Weazels* shrieke to see him there;

As each vnwilling *portall* yeelds him way,
Through little *vents* and *crannies* of the place,
The *winde* wars with his *torch* to make him stay,
And blowes the *smoake* of it into his *face*,
Extinguishing his *conduct* in this case,
But his hot *heart*, which fond *desire* doth scorch,
Puffes forth another winde that fires the *torch*

And being lighted by the *light* he spies
Lucrecia's gloue, wherein her *needle* sticks,
He takes it from the *rushes* where it lies,
And griping it, the *needle* his finger pricks:
As who should say, this *gloue* to wanton *trickes*
Is not inur'd, returne againe in hast,
Thou seest our *Mistresse* ornaments are chast.

But all these poore *forbiddings* could not stay him,
He in the worst *sense* construes their *deniall*;
The *doores*, the *wind*, the *gloue* that did delay him
He takes for *accidentall things of tryall*,
Or as those *barres* which stop the hourely *diall*
VVho with a lingring *stay* his *course* doth let
Till euery *minute* payes the *houre* his *debt*.

So, so, quoth he, these *lets* attend the *time*,
Like little *frosts* that sometime threat the *spring*,
To adde a more reioycing to the *prime*,
And giue the *sneaped birds* more cause to sing,
Paine paies the *income* of ech *precious thing*. (*sands*
Huge *rocks*, high *winds*, strong *pirats*, *shelues* and
The *merchant* feares, ere rich at *home* he lands.

Now is he come vnto the *chamber dore*,
That shuts him from the *heauen* of his *thought*,
Which with a yeelding *latch* and with no more,
Hath bard him from the blessed *thing* he sought.
So from himselfe *impiety* hath wrought
That for his *prey* to pray he doth begin,

But in the midst of his vnfruitfull prayer,
Hauing sollicited *th'eternall power*, (*faire*
That his foule *thoughts* might compasse his faire
And they would stand auspicious to the *howre*,
Euen there he starts, quoth he, I must deflowre:
The *powers* to whom I pray, abhor this fact,
How can they then assist me in the *act*?

Then *loue* and *fortune* be my *gods*, my *guide*,
My *will* is backt with *resolution*:
Thoughts are but *dreames* till their *effects* be tried,
Blacke sinne is cleard with absolution,
Against *loues* fire, *feares* frost hath dissolution.
The *eye* of *heauen* is out, and misty *night*
Couers the shame that followes sweet *delight*.

This said, his guilty hand pluckt vp the latch,
And with his knee the dore he opens wide,
The *Doue* sleeps fast that this *night-owle* will catch;
Thus treason works ere *traitors* be espied:
Who sees the lurking *serpent* steps aside;
But she sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortall *sting*.

Into the *Chamber* wickedly he stalkes,
And gazeth on her yet vnstained *bed*:
The *curtaines* being close, about he walkes,
Rouling his greedy *eye-bals* in his head,
By their high treason is his *heart* misled. (soone;
Which giues the *watch-word* to his *hand* too
To draw the *cloude* that hides the siluer *Moone*.

Looke as the faire and fiery pointed *Sunne*,
Rushing from foorth a *cloud*, bereaues our *sight*:
Euen so the *curtaine* drawne his eyes begun
To winke, being blinded, with a greater *light*.
Whether it is that she reflects so bright
That dazzleth them, or else some shame supposed

O had they in that darkſome *priſon* died,
Then had they ſeen the *period* of their ill;
Then *Colatine* againe by *Lucrece* ſide,
In his cleere *bed* might haue repoſed ſtill:
But they muſt ope this bleſſed league to kill:
And holy-thoughted *Lucrece* to their ſight,
Muſt ſell her *ioy*; her *life*, her *worlds delight*.

Her lilly *hand* her *roſie* cheekes lies vnder,
Coozening the *pillow* of a lawfull kiſſe;
Who therefore angry ſeemes to part in ſunder,
Swelling on either ſide to want his bliſſe.
Between whoſe hils her head intombed is.
Where like a vertuous *monument* ſhe lies;
To be admir'd of lewd vnhallowed *eyes*.

Without the *bed* her other faire *hand* was,
On the greene *couerlet*, whoſe perfect *white*
Show'd like an April *dazie* on the *graſſe*,
With pearly ſwet, resembling dew of *night*.
Her *eyes* like *Marigolds* had sheath'd their light,
And canopied in darkneſſe ſweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorne the *day*.

Her *haire* like golden *threeds* plaid with her *breath*
O modeſt *wantons*; wanton *modeſty*!
Showring *Lifes* triumph in the *map* of *death*,
And *deaths* dim looke in *liues* mortality.
Each in her ſleepe themſelues ſo beautifie,
As if betweene them twaine there were no ſtrife,
But that life liu'd in *death*, and death in *life*.

Her *breſts* like iuory *globes* circled with *blew*,
A paire of *maiden worlds* vnconquered:
Saue of their *Lord* no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by *oath* they truly honoured.
These *worlds* in *Tarquin* new ambition bred.
Who like a foule *[illegible]* went about

What could he ſee but mightily he *noted*?
What did he *note*, but *ſtrongly* he *deſired*?
What he *beheld*, on that he firmly *doted*,
And in his *will* his wilfull *eye* he tired.
With more than *admiration* he admired
Here azure *veines*, her *alabaſter* skinne,
Her *corall lips*, her *ſnow-white* dimpled chin.

As the grim *Lion* fawneth ore his *prey*,
Sharpe hunger by the *conqueſt* ſatisfied:
So ore this ſleeping *ſoule* doth *Tarquin* ſtay,
His rage of *luſt* by gazing qualified.
Slackt, not ſuppreſt, for ſtanding by her ſide,
His *eye* which late this *mutiny* reſtraines,
Vnto a greater *vprore* tempts his veines.

And they like ſtragling *ſlaues* for pillage fighting,
Obdurate *vaſſals* fell exploits effecting:
In bloudy *death* and *rauiſhment* delighting,
Nor *childrens teares*, nor *mothers grones* reſpecting,
Swell in their *pride*, the onſet ſtill expecting.
Anon his beating *heart* alarum ſtriking,
Giues the hot *charge* and bids them do their liking.

His *drumming heart* cheares vp his *burning eye*,
His *eye* commends the leading to his hand:
His *hand* as proud of ſuch a *dignity*,
Smoaking with *pride*, marcht on to make his *ſtand*
On her bare *breaſts*, the *heart* of all her land,
Whoſe rankes of blew *veins* as his hand did ſcale,
Left their round *turrets* deſtitute and pale.

They muſtering to the quiet *Cabinet*,
Where their deare *gouerneſſe* and *Lady* lies,
Doe tell her ſhe is dreadfully beſet,
And fright her with confuſion of their *cries*:
She much amaz'd breakes ope her lockt vp *eyes*:
Who peeping forth this *tumult* to behold

Imagine her as one in dead of *night*,
From forth dull *sleepe* by dreadfull *fancy* waking,
That thinks shee hath beheld some gastly *sprite*,
VVhose grim *aspect* sets euery *ioynt* a shaking,
VVhat terrour t'is: but she in worser taking,
From *sleepe* disturbd, heedfully doth view
The *sight* which makes supposed *terror* rue.

5 *Lucretia* wakes amazed & confounded to be so surprised.

VVrapt and confounded in a thousand *feares*,
Like to a new-kild *bird* she trembling lies:
She dares not looke, yet winking there appeares
Quicke shifting *Antiques* vgly in her *eyes*,
Such *shadowes* are the weake braines *forgeries*,
VVho angry that the *eyes* flie from their lights,
In darknes daunts them with more dreadfull *sights*.

His hand that yet remaines vpon her *breast*,
(Rude *Ram* to batter such an *Iuory* wall:)
May feele her heart (poore *Citizen*) distrest,
VVounding it selfe to *death*, rise vp and fall:
Beating her *Bulke*, that his *hand* shakes withall.
This moues in him more *rage*, and lesser *pity*,
To make the *breach*, and enter this swert *City*.

First like a *trumpet* doth his *tongue* begin
To sound a *parley* to his heartlesse *foe*,
VVho ore the white *sheet* peeres her whiter *chin*,
The reason of this rash *alarme* to know,
VVhich he by dumbe demeanor seeks to show:
But she with vehement *prayers* vrgeth still,
Vnder what *colour* he commits the *ill*.

Thus he replies, the *colour* in this *face*,
That euen for *anger* makes the *Lily* pale,
And the red *Rose* blush at her owne disgrace,
Shall plead for me, and tell my louing *tale*,
Vnder that *colour* am I come to scale
Thy never conquered fort: the fault is thine,

Thus I forestall thee: if thou meane to chide,
Thy *beauty* hath insnar'd thee to this *night*,
VVhere thou with *patience* must my *will* abide:
My *will* that markes thee for my *earths delight*,
VVhich I to conquer sought with all my might.
But as *reproofe* and *reason* beat it dead,
By thy bright *beauty* it was newly bred.

I see what *crosses* my *attempts* will bring,
I know what *thornes* the growing *Rose* defends,
I thinke the *hony* guarded with a *sting*,
All this before hand counsell comprehends.
But *will* is deafe, and heares no heedfull friends.
Only he hath an *eye* to gaze on *beauty*,
And dotes on what he lookes, 'gainst *law* or *duty*.

I haue debated euen in my *soule*,
VVhat *wrong*, what *shame*, what *sorrow* I shal breed.
But nothing can affections *course* controle
Or stop the headlong fury of his *speed*,
I know *repentant teares* insue the deed.
Reproch, *disdaine*, and deadly *enmity*,
Yet striue I to imbrace mine *infamy*.

This said, he shakes aloft his *Romane* blade,
VVhich like a *Faulcon* towring in the *skies*,
Couchet the *fowle* below with his *wings* shade,
VVhose crook *beake* threats, if hee mount he dies:
So vnder the insulting *Fauchion* lies
Harmlesse *Lucrecia*, marking what he tels,
VVith trembling *feare*, as *fowle* heare *Faulcons* bels.

Lucrece, quoth he, this *night* I must enioy thee;
If thou deny, then force must worke my way:
For in thy *bed* I purpose to destroy thee.
That done, some worthlesse *slaue* of thine ile slay,
To kill thine *honor* with thy *liues* decay.

So thy ſuruiuing *husband* ſhall remaine,
The ſcornefull *marke* of euery open *eye*,
The kinſmen *hang* their hearts at this diſdaine,
Thy *iſſue* blurd with nameleſſe *baſtardy*:
And thou the *Author* of their *obloquy*.
Shall haue thy treſpaſſe cited vp in rimes,
And ſung by children in ſucceeding times.

But if thou yeeld, I reſt thy ſecret *friend*,
The fault vnknowne is as though *vnacted*,
A little harme done to a great *good* end,
For lawfull *policy* remaines enacted.
The poiſonous *ſimple* ſometimes is compacted
In pureſt compounds; being ſo applied,
His *venome* in effect is purified.

Then for thy *husband* and thy *childrens* ſake,
Tender my *ſuit*, bequeath not to their *lot*
The *shame* that from them no deuice can take,
The *blemish* that will neuer be forgot:
VVorſe than a *ſlauish wipe*, or *birth-houres* blot:
For markes deſcried in mens natiuity,
Are *Natures* faults, not their owne infamy.

Here with a *Cockatrice* dead killing eye,
He rowſeth vp himſelfe, and makes a pauſe,
VVhile ſhe the *picture* of pure piety,
Like a white *Hinde* beneath the *gripes* ſharp clawes
Pleads in a *wilderneſſe* where are no lawes,
To the rough *beaſt*, that knowes no gentle right,
Nor ought obeyes but his foule *appetite*.

But when a black-ſac'd cloud the *world* doth threat,
In his dim *miſt* the aſpiring mountaine hiding,
From earths darke *womb* ſome gentle *guſt* doth get,
Which blow theſe pitchy *vapours* from their biding,
Hindring their preſent *fall* by this diuiding.
So his vnhallowed *haſte* her words delaies,

Yet foule night waking *Cat* he doth but dally,
While in his hold-faſt *foot* the weake *mouſe* panteth.
Her ſad behauiour feeds his vulture *folly*;
A ſwallowing *gulfe* that euen in *plenty* wanteth.
His *eare* her *praiers* admits, but his *heart* granteth
No penetrable entrance to her plaining,
Teares harden *luſt*, though *marble* weares with raining.

Her pitty pleading *eyes* are ſadly fixed
In the remorſeleſſe *wrinckles* of his *face*:
Her modeſt *eloquence* with *ſighes* is mixed,
VVhich to her *Oratory* adds more grace.
She puts the *period* often from his place,
And midſt the *ſentence* ſo her *accent* breakes
That *twice* ſhe doth begin ere *once* ſhe ſpeakes.

She coniures *him* by high *Almighty Ioue*, 6
By *Knighthood*, *Gentry*, and ſweet *friendships* oath,
By her *vntimely teares*, her *husbands loue*,
By *holy humane law*, and *common troth*.
By *heauen* and *earth*, and all the *powers* of both,
That to his borrowed *bed* he make retire,
And ſtoope to *Honor*, not to foule deſire.

Lucrece pleadeth in defence of chaſtity, and exprobateth his vnciuil luſt.

Quoth ſhe, reward not *Hoſpitality*
VVith ſuch *blacke payment* as thou haſt pretended,
Mudde not the *fountaine* that gaue *drinke* to thee,
Marre not the *thing* that cannot be amended:
End thy ill *ayme*, before thy *shoot* be ended.
He is no *Wood-man* that doth bend his *bow*
To ſtrike a poore vnſeaſonable *Doe*.

My *husband* is thy *friend*, for his ſake ſpare me,
Thy ſelfe art mighty, for thine owne ſake leaue me:
My ſelfe a *weakeling*, doe not then inſnare me.
Thou look'ſt not like *deceit*, doe not deeciue me.
My *ſighes* like *whirlwinds* labor hence to heaue thee:
If euer man was mou'd with *marmarmones*

All which together like a troubled *Ocean*,
Beat at thy rocky, and wracke-threatning *heart*,
To soften it with their continuall *motion*:
For *stones* dissolu'd, to *water* doe conuert,
Or if no harder than a *stone* thou art,
Melt at my *teares* and be compassionate,
Soft pity enters at an *iron* gate.

In *Tarquins* likenesse I did entertaine thee,
Hast thou put on his *shape* to doe him shame?
To all the *hoste* of heauen I complaine mee,
Thou wrongst his *Honor*, woundst his princely *name*.
Thou art not what thou *seemest*, and if the same,
Thou seem'st not what thou *art*, a *God*, a *King*,
For *Kings* like *Gods* should gouerne euery thing.

How will thy *shame* be seeded in thine age,
VVhen thus thy *vices* bud before thy *spring*?
If in thy *hope* thou dar'st doe such outrage.
VVhat dar'st thou not when once thou art a *King*?
O be remembred, no outragious thing
From *vassall* actors can be wipt away
Then *Kings* misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

This *deed* shall make thee only lou'd for feare,
But happy *Monarchs* still are feard for loue:
VVith foule offenders thou perforce must beare,
VVhen they in thee the like *offences* proue:
If but for feare of this, thy *will* remoue.
For Princes are the *glasse*, the *schoole*, the *booke*,
VVhere subiects eies doe *learn*, doe *read*, doe *look*.

And wilt thou be the *schoole* where *lust* shall learn?
Must he in thee read *lectures* of such shame?
VVilt thou be *glasse* wherein it shall discerne
Authority for *sinne*, warrant for blame?
To priuiledge *dishonour* in thy name.

Hast thou commanded by him that gaue it thee
From a pure *heart* commanded thy rebell *will*:
Draw not thy *sword* to gard *iniquity*,
For it was lent thee all that *brood* to kill,
Thy princely *office* how canst thou fulfill
VVhen patternd by thy *fault*, foule *sinne*, may say,
He learnd to *sinne*, and thou didst teach the way?

Thinke but how vile a *spectacle* it were,
To view thy present *trespasse* in another:
Mens *faults* doe seldome to themselues appeare,
Their owne transgressions partially they smother:
This *guilt* would seem death-worthy in thy *brother*.
O how are they wrapt in with *infamies*,
That from their owu *misdeeds* askaunce their eies.

To thee, to thee, my heau'd vp *hands* appeale,
Not to seducing *lust* thy rash reply:
I sue for exild *maiesties* repeale,
Let him returne and flattering *thoughts* retire.
His true *respect* will prison false *desire*,
And wipe the dim *mist* from thy doting *eies*,
That thou shalt see thy *state* and pitty *mine*.

Haue done, quoth he, my vncontrolled *tide*
Turnes not, but swels the higher by this let,
Small *lights* are soone blowne out, huge *fires* abide,
And with the *winde* in greater fury fret:
The pretty *streames* that pay a dayly *debt*
To their salt *soueraigne* with their fresh fals hast,
Adde to this *flow*, but alter not the *taste*.

Thou art (quoth she) a sea, a soueraine *King*,
And loe, there fals into thy boundlesse *flood*,
Blacke *lust*, *dishonour*, *shame*, *misgouerning*.
VVho seeke to straine the Ocean of thy *blood*.
If all these *petty* ils shall change thy good,

7 *Tarquin* all impati ent inter rupts he & denie of conser breaketi the enck sure of h chastity b force.

So ſhall theſe *ſlaues* be *King*, and thou their *ſlaue*:
Thou *nobly baſe*, they baſely *dignified* :
Thou their *faire life*, and they thy *fouler graue* :
Thou loathed in their *ſhame*, they in thy *prid*,
The *leſſer thing* ſhould not the *greater* hide.
The *Cedar* ſtoopes not to the baſe *ſhrubs* foote,
But low *ſhrubs* wither at the *Cedars root*.

So let thy *thoughts* low *vaſſals* to thy *ſtate*,
No more, quoth he, by heauen I will not heare thee:
Yeeld to my *loue*, if not, enforced *hate*
Inſtead of *loues* coy *touch* ſhall rudely teare thee:
That done, deſpightfully I meane to beare thee
Vnto the baſe bed of ſome raſcall *groome*,
To be thy *partner* in this ſhamefull *doome*.

This ſaid, he ſets his foot vpon the *light*,
For *light* and *luſt* are deadly enemies :
Shame folded vp in blind concealing *night*,
VVhen moſt vnſeen, then moſt doth tyrannize.
The *Wolfe* hath ſeiz'd his *prey*, the poor *Lamb* cries
Till with her owne white *fleece* her *voice* controlled
Intombs her outcry in her lips ſweet fold.

For with the nightly *linnen* that ſhe weares,
He pens her piteous clamors in her *head*,
Cooling his hot *face* in the chaſteſt *teares*,
That euer modeſt *eies* with ſorrow ſhed.
O that foule *luſt* ſhould ſtaine ſo pure a *bed* :
The *ſpots* whereof could weeping purifie;
Her *teares* ſhould drop on them perpetually.

But ſhe hath loſt a dearer thing than life,
And he hath won what he would loſe againe :
This forced league doth force a further ſtrife,
This momentary *ioy* breeds moneths of *paine*,
This *hot deſire* conuerts to *cold diſdaine* :
Pure *Chaſtitie* rifled of her *ſtore*

Looke as the ful-fed *Hound* or gorged *Hawke*,
Vnapt for tender *ſmell* or ſpeedy *flight*,
Make ſlow purſuit, or altogether bauke
The *prey* wherein by nature they delight :
So ſurfet-taking *Tarquin* feares this night.
His taſte delicious, in digeſtion ſowring,
Deuoures his *will*, that liu'd by foule deuouring.

O deeper ſinne than bottomleſſe *conceit*
Can comprehend in ſtill imagination !
Drunken *deſire* muſt vomit his *receit*,
Ere he can ſee his owne abhomination.
VVhile *luſt* is in his pride, no exclamation
Can curbe his heat, or reine his raſh deſire,
Till like a Iade, ſelfe-will himſelfe doth tire.

And then with lanke and leane diſcolour'd cheeke,
With heauy *eye*, knit *brow*, and ſtrengthleſſe *pace*,
Feeble *deſire* all recreant, poore and meeke,
Like to a bankerout begger wailes his caſe :
The flеſh being proud, *deſire* doth fight with grace:
For there it reuels; and when that decaies,
The guilty *rebel* for remiſſion praies.

So fares it with this fault-full Lord of Rome,
VVho this accompliſhment ſo hotly chaſed ;
For now againſt himſelfe he ſounds this doome,
That through the length of *times* he ſtands diſgraced
Beſides, his ſoules faire temple is defaced :
To whoſe weake *ruines* muſter troopes of *cares*,
To aske the ſpotted *Princeſſe* how ſhe fares.

She ſaies her *ſubiects* with foule inſurrection,
Haue battred downe her conſecrated *wall*,
And by their mortall *fault* brought in ſubiection
Her *immortality*, and made her thrall
To *liuing death* and paine *perpetuall*.
VVhich in her *preſcience* ſhe controuled ſtill

Euen in this *thought* through the dark *night* he ſtie
A *captiue victor* that hath *loſt* in *gaine* :
Bearing away the *wound* that nothing healeth,
The ſcar that will deſpight of *Cure* remaine,
Leauing his *ſpoile* perplext in greater paine.
She beares the load of *luſt* he left behinde,
And he the *burthen* of a guilty minde.

He like a theeuiſh *dog* creepes ſadly thence,
She like a wearied *Lambe* lies panting there :
He ſcowles and hates himſelfe for his offence,
She deſperate, with her *nailes*, her *flesh* doth teare
He faintly flies, ſwearing with guilty feare ;
She ſtaies exclaiming on the direfull night ;
He runs and chides his vaniſht loth'd delight.

He thence departs a heauy *conuertite*,
She there remaines a hopeleſſe *cãſt-away* :
He in his ſpeed lookes for the morning light :
She prayes ſhe neuer may behold the *day*,
For day, quoth ſhe, night-ſcapes doth open lay :
And my true eies haue neuer practiſed how,
To cloake offences with a cunning brow.

They thinke not but that every *eye* can ſee,
The ſame *diſgrace* which they themſelues behold
And therefore would they ſtill in darkneſſe lie,
To haue their vnſeen ſinne remaine vntold :
For they their guilt with weeping will vnfold,
And graue, like water that doth eate in ſteele,
Vpon my cheeks what helpleſſe ſhame I feele.

Here ſhe exclaimes againſt *repoſe* and reſt,
And bids her *eyes* hereafter ſtill be blind :
She wakes her *heart* by beating on her *breſt*,
And bids it leape from thence where it may finde
Some purer *cheſt*, to cloſe ſo pure a minde.
Frantick with griefe thus breathe ſhe forth hi

The *Patient* dies while the *phyſitian* ſleepes ;
The *Orphan* pines while the *Oppreſſor* feeds :
Iuſtice is feaſting while the *widow* weepes :
Aduiſe is ſporting while *infection* breeds,
Thou grant'ſt no time for *charitable* deeds,
Wrath, enuy, treaſon, rape, and *murther* rages,
Thy hainous *houres* wait on them as their pages.

When *Truth* and *Vertue* haue to doe with thee,
A thouſand *croſſes* keepe them from thy *aid* ;
They buy thy *helpe*, but *Sinne* nere *giues* a free
He *gratis* comes, and thou art well apaid
As well to *heare*, as *grant* what hee hath ſaid.
My *Colatine* would elſe haue come to me :
VVhen *Tarquin* did, but he was ſtaid by thee.

Guilty thou art of *murther* and of *theft*,
Guilty of *periury* and *ſubordination*,
Guilty of *treaſon, forgery* and *ſhift*,
Guilty of *inceſt* that *abhomination*,
An *acceſſary* by thine inclination
To all *ſinne paſt*, and all that are to *come*,
From the *creation* to the generall *doome*.

Miſhapen *time*, copeſmate of vgly *night*,
Swift ſubtile *poſt*, carrier of griſly *care*,
Eater of *youth*, falſe *ſlaue* to falſe delight,
Baſe *watch* of *woes, ſins packe-horſe*, vertues *ſnare*,
Thou nurſeſt all, and murtherest all that are ;
O heare me then, iniurious ſhifting *time*,
Be guilty of my *death*, ſince of my *crime*.

VVhy hath thy ſeruant *Opportunity*
Betrai'd the *houres* thou gau'ſt me to repoſe ?
Canceld my *fortunes* and inchained me
To endleſſe date of neuer-ending *woes* ?
Times *office* is to fine the hate of *foes*,
To eate vp *errors* by *opinion* bred.

Times glory is to calme contending *Kings*,
To vnmaske *falshood*, and bring truth to light,
To stampe the seale of *time* in aged things,
To wake the *morne*, and *sentinell* the night,
To wrong the *wronger* till he render right,
To ruinate *proud* buildings with thy *houres*
And smear with *dust* their glittering golden towrs:

To fill with *worme-holes* stately *monuments*,
To feede *obliuion* with decay of things,
To blot old *bookes*, and alter their contents,
To plucke the *quils* from ancient *Rauens* wings,
To dry the old *oakes* sap, and cherish *springs*.
To spoile *antiquities* of hammered steele,
And turne the giddy *round* of *Fortunes* wheele.

To shew the beldame daughters of her *daughter*,
To make the *child* a man, the man a child,
To slay the *Tyger* that doth liue by slaughter,
To tame the *Vnicorne* and *Lion* wilde,
To mocke the *subtile* in themselues beguild;
To cheare the *Plowman* with increasefull *crops*,
And waste huge *stones* with little *water* drops.

VWhy workst thou mischiefe in thy *pilgrimage*,
Vnlesse thou couldst returne to make amends?
One poore retyring *minute* in an age,
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
Lending him *wit*, that to bad debtors lends, (back:
O this dread *night*, wouldst thou one houre come
I could preuent this *storme* and shunt his wracke.

Thon ceaselesse lackie to *Eternity*,
With some mischance crosse *Tarquin* in his flight,
Deuise *extreames* beyond extremity
To make him curse this cursed crimefull *night*:
Let gastly *shadowes* his lewd *eyes* affright,
And the dire *thought* of his committed euill,

Disturbe his *howres* of *rest* with restlesse *trances*,
Afflict him in his *bed* with bedred *grones*:
Let there bechance him pitifull *mischances*:
To make him mone, but pitty not his *mones*:
Stone him with hardened harts *harder* than stones,
And let mild *women* to him loose their *mildnesse*.
VWilder to him than *Tigers* in their *wildnesse*.

Let him haue *time* to teare his curled haire,
Let him haue *time* against himselfe to raue,
Let him haue *time* of times helpe to despaire,
Let him haue *time* to liue a loathed *slaue*,
Let him haue *time* a beggers *orts* to craue:
And time to see one that by *almes* doth liue,
Disdaine to him disdained *scraps* to giue.

Let him haue time to see his *friends* his foes,
And merry *fooles* to mocke at him resort:
Let him haue time to marke how slow *time* goes
In time of *sorrow*, and how swift and short
His time of *folly*, and his time of *sport*:
And euer let his vnrecalling *time*,
Haue time to waile th'abusing of his time.

O time thou *tutor* both to good and *bad*,
Teach me to curse him that thou taughts this *ill*,
At his owne *shadow* let the *theefe* run mad,
Himselfe, himselfe seeke euery houre to kill,
Such wretched *hands* such wretched *bloud* should (spill,
For who so base would such an *office* haue,
As slanderous *deaths-man* to so base a slaue?

The baser is he, comming from a *King*,
To shame his *hope* with *deeds* degenerate,
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him *honour'd* or begets him *hate*:
For greatest *scandall* waits on greatest *state*.
The Moone being clouded presently is miss-

The *Crow* may bathe his cole-black *wings* in mire,
And vnpercein'd flye with the filth away,
But if the like the snow-white *Swan* desire,
The staine vpon his siluer *Downe* will stay,
Poore *groomes* are sightles *night*, *Kings* glorious day,
Gnats are vnnoted wheresoere they flye,
But *Eagle* gaz'd vpon with euery eye.

Our idle *words*, seruants to shallow *fooles*
Vnprofitable *sounds*, weake *arbitrators*,
Busie out selues in skil-contending *schooles*,
Debate where leasure serues with dull debators:
To trembling *Clients* be you mediators
For me, I force not argument a straw,
Since that my *case* is past the helpe of *law*.

In vaine I raile at *Opportunity*,
At *Time*, at *Tarquin*, and vnsearchfull *night*:
In vaine I cauill with mine *infamy*,
In vaine I spurne at my confirm'd *despight*:
This helplesse *smoake* of words doth me no right,
The remedy indeed to doe me good,
Is to let forth my foule defiled *blood*.

Poore *hand*, why quiuerest thou at this *decree*?
Honor thy selfe to rid me of this *shame*,
For if I die, my *Honor* liues in thee,
But if I liue, thou liu'st in my *defame*;
Since thou couldst not defend thy loyall *Dame*,
And wast afeard to scratch her wicked Foe,
Kill both thy selfe and her for yeelding so.

This said from her betumbled *couch* she starts,
To finde some desperate instrument of death,
But this no *slaughter-house*, no toole imparts,
To make more vent for passage of her *breath*,
Which thrunging through her *lips* so vanisheth

In vaine (quoth she) I liue, and seeke in vaine
Some happy *meane* to end a hapless life:
I fear'd by *Tarquins Fauchion* to be slaine,
Yet for the selfe-same purpose seeke a *knife*:
But when I feard, I was a loyall wife;
So am I now: O no, that cannot be,
Of that true *type* hath *Tarquin* rifled me.

O that is gone, for which I sought to liue,
And therefore now I need not feare to die,
To cleare this *spot* by *death* (at least) I giue
A badge of fame to slaunders *liuery*,
A dying life to liuing infamy,
Poore helplesse *helpe* the *treasure* stolne away,
To burne the guiltlesse *casket* where it lay.

VVell, well, deare *Colatine* thou shalt not know
The stained tast of violated troth:
I will not wrong thy true affection so,
To flatter thee with an infringed *oath*:
This bastard *grasse* shall neuer come to growth,
He shall not boast who did thy *stocke* pollute,
That thou art doting *Father* of his fruit.

Nor shall he smile at thee in secret *thought*,
Nor laugh with his *companions* at thy *state*,
But thou shalt know thy *interest* was not bought
Basely with *gold*, but stolne from forth thy *gate*;
For me I am the *mistresse* of my *fate*
And with my *trespasse* neuer will dispence,
Till *life* to death acquit my first offence.

I will not poison thee with my *attaint*,
Nor fold my *fault* in cleanly coyn'd excuses,
My sable *ground with sinne* I will not paint,
To hide the *truth* of this false nights abuses:
My tongue shall vtter all mine *eyes* like *sluces*
As from a *mountaine* spring that feeds *a dale*,

By this lamenting *Philomele* had ended,
The well-tund *warble* of her nightly sorrow,
And solemn *night* with slow sad gate descended
To vgly Hell, when loe the blushing morrow
Lends light to al faire *eyes* that light would borrow,
But cloudy *Lucrece* shames her selfe to see,
And therefore still in night would cloistred be.

Reuealing *day* through euery *cranny* spies,
And seemes to *point* her out where she sits weeping;
To whom she sobbing speakes, O eye of *eyes*,
Why pry'st thou throgh my *window*? leue thy peeping
Mock with thy tickling *beames* eies that are sleeping,
Brand not my *forehead* with thy piercing *light*,
For *day* hath nought to doe whats done by *night*.

Thus cauils she with euery thing she sees,
True *griefe* is fond and testie as a *childe*,
Who way-ward once, his *mood* with nought agrees,
Old woes, not *infant sorrowes* beare them *milde*;
Continuance tames the one, the other wilde
Like an vnpractiz'd *swimmer* plunging still,
VVith too much labour drowns for want of *skill*.

So she deepe drenched in a *Sea* of *care*,
Holds disputation with each thing she viewes,
And to her selfe all *sorrow* doth compare,
No *obiect* but her *passions* strength renewes,
And as one shifts, another straight ensues,
Sometimes her *griefe* is dumbe and hath no *words*;
Sometime tis mad and too much talke affoords.

The little *birds* that tune their *mornings* ioy,
Make her *mones* mad with their *sweet melody*,
For mirth doth search the bottome of *annoy*,
Sad *Soules* are slaine in merry company,
Griefe best is pleased with *griefes* societie:
True *sorrow* then is feelingly suffiz'd,
'Tis double death to drowne in ken of *shore*;
He ten times pines, that pines beholding *food*,
To see the *salue* doth make the *wound* ake more;
Great griefe grieues most at that would doe it good;
Deepe woes roule forward like a gentle *floud*,
VVho being stopt, the bounding *banks* orefloweres,
Griefe dallied with, nor *law* nor *limit* knowes.

You mocking *Birds* (quoth she) your *tunes* intombe
VVithin your hollow swelling feathered *breasts*,
And in my hearing be you euer dumbe,
My restlesse *discord* loues no *stops* nor *rests*;
A wofull *hostesse* brooks not merry *guests*:
Relish your nimble *notes* to pleasing *eares*,
Distresse likes *dumps* when *time* is kept with *teares*.

Come *philomele* that singst of *rauishment*,
Make thy sad *groue* in my disheueld *haire*,
As the danke *earth* weepes at thy languishment,
So I at each sad *strainе* will straine a *teare*,
And with deepe *groanes* the *Diapason* beare:
For *burthen-wise* Ile *hum* on *Tarquin* still,
VVhile thou on *Tereus* descants better *skill*.

And whiles against a *thorne* thou bear'st thy part,
To keepe thy sharpe *woes* waking, wretched I
To imitate thee well, against my heart
VVill fixe a sharpe *knife*, to affright mine *eye*,
VVho if it winke, shall thereon fall and die.
These *meanes* as *frets* vpon an *instrument*,
Shall turne our *heart-strings* to true languishment.

And for poore *bird* thou sing'st not in the *day*,
As shaming any *eye* should thee behold,
Some darke deepe *desart* seated from the *way*,
That knowes nor parching *heat*, nor freezing *cold*
Will we finde out: and there we will vnfold
To *creatures* stern, sad *tunes* to change their kinds.

As the poore frighted *Deere* that stands at gaze,
VVildely determining which way to fly,
Or one in compast with a winding *maze*,
That cannot tread the *way* out readily:
So with her selfe is she in mutinie,
To liue or die which of the twaine were better,
VVhen life is sham'd and death reproches debtor.

To kill my selfe, quoth she, alacke what were it
But with my *body* my poore soules pollution?
They that lose *halfe* with greater patience bear it
Than they whose whole is swallowed in confusion.
That *mother* tries a merciless conclusion
Who hauing two sweet *babes* when death takes one
VVill slay the other, and be nurse to none.

My *Body*, or soule, which was the deerer?
VVhen the one *pure*, the other made diuine;
Whose loue, of either, to my selfe was nearer?
VVhen both were kept for *Heauen* and *Colatine*:
Ay me, the *barke* pild from the lofty *Pine*
His *leaues* will wither and his *sap* decay,
So must my *soule*, her barke being pild away.

Her *house* is sackt, her *quiet* interrupted,
Her *mansion* battered by the enemy,
Her sacred *Temple* spotted, spoild, corrupted,
Grossly ingirt with daring infamy,
Then let it not be cald *impiety*
If in this blemisht part I make some *hole*:
Through which I may conuey this troubled soule.

Yet die I will not till my *Colatine*
Haue heard the cause of my vntimely *death*,
That he may vow in that sad houre of mine,
Reuenge on *him* that made me stop my breath,
My stained bloud to *Tarquin* ile bequeath,
VVhich by him tainted shall for him be spent,

My *Honor* ile bequeath vnto the *knife*,
That wounds my *body* so dishonored:
Tis *Honor* to depriue dishonored life,
The one will liue, the other being dead,
So of shames *ashes* shall my *Fame* be bred:
For in my death I murther shamefull *scorne*,
My *shame* so *dead*, my *honor* is new *borne*.

Deare Lord of that deare *Iewell* I haue lost,
VVhat *legacy* shall I bequeath to thee?
My resolution, *loue*, shall be thy boast,
By whose example thou reueng'd maist be.
How *Tarquin* must be vs'd, read it in me:
My selfe thy *friend* will kill my selfe thy *foe*,
And for my sake serue thou false *Tarquin* so.

This briefe *abridgement* of my *will* I make,
My *soule* and *body* to the *skies* and *ground*,
My resolution (*Husband*) doe you take,
Mine *honor* be the *knifes* that makes my *wound*,
My *shame* be his that did my *fame* confound.
And all my *fame* that liues disbursed, be
To those that liue and thinke no shame of me.

Then *Colatine* shall ouersee this *will*,
How was I ouerseene that thou shalt see it?
My *bloud* shall wash the slander of mine ill;
My *lifes* foule *deed* my lifes faire *end* shall free it.
Faint not faint *heart*, but stoutly say, so be it.
Yeeld to my *hand*, *and* it shall conquer thee,
Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be.

This *plot* of *death* when sadly she had laid,
And wip't the brinish *pearle* from her bright *eyes*,
VVith vntun'd tongue she hoarsely calld her *maid*,
VVhose swift obedience to her *mistresse* hies,
For fleet-wingd *duty* with *thoughts* feathers flies;

10
Lucrece resolued to kil he selfe determines first to

Her *mistresse* she doth giue demure *good morrow*
VVith soft slow tongue, true *markes* of modesty,
And sorts a sad looke to her *Ladies* sorrow,
(For why her *face* wore *sorrows* liuery,)
But durst not aske of her audaciously,
VVhy her two *suns* were *clowd*-eclipsed so,
Nor why her faire *cheeks* ouer-washt with *woe*.

But as the *earth* doth weepe the *Sun* being set,
Each *flower* moystned like a melting *eye*:
Euen so the *maid* with swelling *drops* gan wet
Her circkled *eyne*, enforc'd by sympathy
Of those faire *Suns* set in her mistres *skie*,
VVho in a salt-wau'd *Ocean* quench their *light*,
Which makes the *maid* weepe like the dewy *nig*

A prettie while these pretty *creatures* stand,
Like iuory *conduits* corall *cesternes* filling:
One iustly weepes, the other takes in *hand*;
No cause, but company of her *drops* spilling,
Their gentle *sex* to weepe are often willing,
Griefing themselues to gesse at other smarts, (*be*
And then they drown their *eyes*, or breake their

For *men* haue marble, *women* waxen *minds*,
And therefore are they form'd as marble will,
The weake oppreſt, th'impression of strange *kind*
Is form'd in them by *force*, *by fraud* or *skill*.
Then call them not the *Authors* of their *ill*,
No more than *waxe* shall be accounted euill,
VVherein is stampt the semblance of a *diuell*.

Their smoothnesse like a *champaine* plaine,
Layes open all the little *wormes* that creepe,
In *men* as a rough growne *groue* remaine
Caue-keeping *euils* that obscurely sleepe.
Through chrystall *walles* ech little *mote* will pee

No *man* inueighs against the withered *flowre*,
But chides rough *winter* that the *flowre* hath kild,
Not that *deuour'd*, but that which doth *deuoure*
Is worthy blame; ô let it not be held
Poore *womens* faults, that they are so fulfild
VVith mens *abuses*, those proud *Lords* to blame,
Make weake-made *women* tenants to their *shame*.

The *president* whereof in *Lucrece* view,
Assail'd by *night* with *circumstances* strong
Of present *death* and *shame* that might ensue,
By that her death to doe her *husband* wrong:
Such danger to *resistance* did belong
The dying *feare* through all her *body* spread,
And who cannot abuse a *body* dead?

By this milde patience bid faire *Lucrece* speake
To the poore *counterfeit* of her complaining:
My girle, quoth she, on what occasion breake
Those *teares* from thee, that down thy *cheeks* are rai-
If thou dost weep for *griefe* of my sustaining, (ning,
Know gentle *wench*, it small auailes my moode,
If *teares* could helpe, mine own would do me good.

But tell me *girle*, when went (and there she staid,
Till after a deepe *grone*) *Tarquin* from hence?
Madam ere I was vp (repli'd the *maid*,)
The more to blame my *sluggard negligence*:
Yet with the *fault* I thus farre can dispence,
My selfe was stirring ere the breake of *day*,
And ere I rose was *Tarquin* gone away.

But Lady, if your maid may be so bold,
She would request to know your *beauinesse*.
O peace (quoth *Lucrece*) if it should be told,
The repetition cannot make it lesse:
For more it is than I can well expresse,
And that deepe *torture* may be cald a *Hell*,

Goe, get me hither *paper, inke*, and *pen*,
Yet saue that labour for I haue them here,
(VVhat should I say?) one of my husbands men
Bid thou be ready by and by to beare
A *Letter* to my *Lord*, my loue, my *deare*,
Bid him with speed prepare to carry it,
The cause craues haste, and it will soone be writ.

Her maide is gone and she prepares to write,
First houering ore the *paper* with her *quill*.
Conceit and *griefe* an eager *combat* fight,
VVhat *Wit* sets downe is blotted still with *Will*.
This is too *curious* good, this *blunt* and *ill*.
Much like a prease of *people* at a *dore*,
Throng her inuentions which shall goe before.

At last she thus begins: Thou worthy *Lord*
Of that vnworthy *wife* that greeteth thee,
Health to thy *person*, next vouchsafe t'afford
(If euer, Loue, thy *Lucrece* thou wilt see)
Some present speed to come and visit me,
So I commend me from our house in griefe,
My woes are tedious, though my words are brief.

Here folds she vp the *tenor* of her *woe*,
Her certaine *sorrow* writ vncertainly,
By this short schedule *Colatine* may know
Her *griefe*, but not her *griefes* true *quality*,
She dares not thereof make discouery,
Left he should hold it her owne grosse *abuse*,
Ere shee with *bloud* had staind her staind excuse.

Besides, the life and *feeling* of her *passion*
She hoards to spend, when he is by to heare her,
VVhen *sighes* and *groanes* and *teares* may grace the fashion
Of her *disgrace*, the better so to cleare her
From that *suspitiõ* which the world might beare her.

To see sad *sights* moues more than *beare* them told:
For then the *eye* interprets to the *eare*
The heauy *motion* that it doth behold
When euery *part* a part of *woe* doth beare:
Is but a part of *sorrow* that we heare.
Deep *sounds* make lesser noise than shallow *fords*,
And *sorrow* ebs being blown with wind of *words*.

Her *letter* now is sealed, and on it writ,
At *Ardea* to my Lord with more than haste.
The *Post* attends, and she deliuers it,
Charging the *sowre face d'groome* to hie as fast
As lagging soules before the *Northerne* blast.
Speed, more than *speed*, but dull and slow she deems,
Extremity still vrgeth such *extremes*.

The homely *villaine* curses to her low,
And blushing on her with a stedfast *eye*
Receiues the *scroll* without or *yea* or *no*,
And forth with bashfull *innocence* doth flie:
But they whose *guilt* within their *bosomes* lie,
Imagine euery *eye* beholds their blame;
For *Lucrece* thought he blusht to see her shame.

When silly *Groome* (God wot) it was defect
Of *spirit, life*, and bold *audacity*,
Such harmlesse *creatures* haue a true respect
To talke in *deeds*, while other saucily
Promise more speed, but doe it leasurely,
Euen so this pattern of the worne out *age*,
Pawn'd honest *lookes*, but layd no *words* to gage.

His kindled *duty* kindled her *mistrust*,
That two red *fires* in both their *faces* blazed,
She thought he blusht as knowing *Tarquins* lust,
And blushing with him, wistly on him gazed.
Her earnest *eye* did make him more amazed:
The more he saw the bloud his *cheeks* replenish,

But long ſhe thinks till he returne againe,
And yet the duteous *vaſſall* ſcarce is gone,
The weary *time* ſhe cannot entertaine,
For now tis ſtale to *ſigh*, to *weepe*, and *grone*,
So *woe* hath wearied *woe*, *mone* tyred *mone*,
That ſhe her *plaints* a little while doth ſtay,
Pawſing for *meanes* to mourne ſome newer way.

At laſt ſhe cals to minde where hangs a *peece*
Of skilfull *painting* made for *Priams Troy*,
Before the which is drawn the power of *Greece*,
For *Helens* rape the *city* to deſtroy,
Threatning cloud-kiſſing *Ilion* with annoy;
VVhich the conceited *Painter* drew ſo proud,
As *heauen* (it ſeemd) to kiſſe the *turrets* bow'd.

A thouſand lamentable *obiects* there
In ſcorne of *Nature*, *Art* gaue *liueleſſe life*:
Many a dire *drop* ſeemd a weeping teare,
Shed for the ſlaughtred *husband* by a *wife*.
The red *bloud* reek'd to ſhew the *painters* ſtrife,
And dying *eies* gleemd forth their aſhy *lights*,
Like dying *coales* burnt out in tedious *nights*.

There might you ſee the labouring *pioner*
Begrimd with *ſweat*, and ſmeared all with *duſt*,
And from the *towres* of *Troy* there would appear
The very *eies* of *men* through *loope-holes* thruſt;
Gazing vpon the *Greekes* with little luſt:
Such ſweet *obſeruance* in this *worke* was had,
That one might ſee thoſe farre off *eyes* looke ſad.

In great *Commanders*, *Grace* and *Maieſty*
You might behold triumphing in their *faces*,
In youth *quick-bearing* and *dexterity*,
And *here* and *there* the *Painter* interlaces
Pale *cowards* marching on with trembling *paces*,
Which hartleſſe *peaſants* did ſo well reſemble,

In *Aiax* and *Vlyſſes*, O what *Art*
Of *Phyſiognomy* might one behold!
The *face* of either cipher'd either's *heart*,
Their *face*, their *maners* moſt expreſſly told.
In *Aiax* eyes blunt *rage* and *rigor* rol'd.
But the mild glance that ſhe *Vlyſſes* lent,
Shew'd *deepe regard* and *ſmiling gouernment*.

There pleading might you ſee graue *Neſtor* ſtand,
As, twere incouraging the *Greekes* to fight,
Making ſuch ſober *action* with his *hand*,
That it beguild *attention*, charmd the *ſight*,
In *ſpeech* it ſeemd his *beard*, all *ſiluer white*,
VVagd vp and downe, and from his *lips* did flie
Thin winding *breath*, which purld vp to the *ſkie*.

About him were a *preaſe* of gaping *faces*,
Which ſeemd to ſwallow vp his ſound *aduiſe*:
All ioyntly liſtning, but with ſeuerall *graces*,
As if ſome *Mermaid* did their *eares* intiſe;
Some *high*, ſome *low*, the *painter* was ſo nice,
The *ſcalpes* of many almoſt hid behind,
To iump vp higher ſeemd to mocke the *mind*.

Here one mans *hand* leand on anothers *head*,
His *noſe* being ſhadowed by his neighbors *eare*,
Here one being throngd beares back all boln & red;
Another ſmothered, ſeemes to pelt and ſweare,
And in their rage ſuch *ſignes* of rage they beare,
As but for loſſe of *Neſtors* golden words,
It ſeem'd they would debate with angry *swords*.

For much imaginary worke was there;
Conceit deceitfull, ſo compact, ſo kinde,
That for *Achilles* image ſtood his *ſpeare*
Gript in an armed *hand*, himſelfe behinde
Was left vnſeen, ſaue to the *eye* of *mind*;
A *hand*, a *ſpeare*, a *ſhield*, a *helmet*,

And from the *wals* of ſtrong beſieged *Troy*,
When their braue *hope*, bold *Hector*, march'd to *field*,
Stood many *Troian mothers* ſharing *ioy*,
To ſee their youthfull *ſonnes* bright weapons wield;
And to their *hope* they ſuch odde *action* yield,
That through their *light* joy ſeemed to appeare,
(Like bright things ſtain'd) a kind of *heauy feare*.

And from the *ſtrand* of *Dardan* where they fought,
To *Simois* reedy *banks* the red bloud ran,
VVhoſe *waues* to imitate the *battel* ſought
VVith ſwelling *ridges*, and their *ranks* began
To breake vpon the galled *shore*, and then
Retire againe, till meeting greater *ranks*
They ioyne, and ſhoot their *fome* at *Simois* banks.

To this well painted *peece* is *Lucrece* come,
To finde a *face* where all *diſtreſſe* is ſteld;
Many ſhe ſees, where *cares* haue carued ſome,
But none where all *diſtreſſe* and *dolour* dweld;
Till ſhe deſpairing *Hecuba* beheld,
Staring on *Priams* wounds with her old *eyes*,
VVhich bleeding vnder *Pyrrhus* proud *foot* lies.

In her the *painter* had anatomiz'd
Times ruine, *Beauties wracke*, and *grim Cares raigne*;
Her *cheeks* with *chaps* and *wrinckles* were disguis'd;
Of what ſhe was, no ſemblance did remaine,
Her blew *bloud* chang'd to blacke in euery *vein*,
VVanting the *ſpring* that those ſhrunk *pipes* had fed
Shew'd *life* impriſon'd in a *body* dead.

On this ſad ſhadow *Lucrece* ſpends *her eies*,
And ſhapes her *ſorrow* to the *Beldames* woes,
VVho nothing wants to anſwer her but *cries*,
And bitter *words* to ban her cruell *foes*.
The *Painter* was no *God* to lend her those;
And they *Lucrece* ſtieres he did her wrong.

Poore *inſtrument* (quoth ſhe) without a *ſound*,
Ile tune thy *woes* with my lamenting *tongue*:
And drop ſweet *balme* in *Priams* painted *wound*,
And raile on *Pyrrhus* that hath done him wrong,
And with my *teares* quench *Troy* that burns ſo long:
And with my *knife* ſcratch out the angry *eyes*
Of all the *Greeks* that are thine *enemies*.

Shew me the *ſtrumpet* that began this *ſtirre*,
That with my *nailes* her *beauty* I may teare:
Thy *heat* of *luſt* fond *Paris* did incurre
This *lode* of *wrath* that burning *Troy* doth beare:
Thy *eye* kindled the *fire* that burneth here.
And here in *Troy* for treſpaſſe of thine *eye*,
The *Sire*, the *Son*, the *Dame* and *Daughter* die.

VVhy ſhould the *priuate pleaſure* of ſome one
Become *the publike plague* of many moe?
Let *ſinne* alone committed, light alone
Vpon his *head* that hath tranſgreſſed ſo.
Let guiltleſſe *ſoules* be freed from guilty *woe*.
For ones *offence* why ſhould ſo many fall;
To plague a *priuate ſinne* in generall.

Loe here weepes *Hecuba*, here *Priam* dies,
Here manly *Hector* faints, here *Troylus* ſounds,
Here *friend* by *friend* in bloudy *channell* lies,
And *friend* to *friend* giues vnaduiſed *wounds*,
And one mans *luſt* theſe many *liues* confounds.
Had doting *Priam* checkt his *ſonnes* deſire,
Troy had bin bright with *Fame*, and not with *fire*.

Here feelingly ſhe weeps *Troyes* painted *woes*,
For *ſorrow*, like a heauy hanging *bell*,
Once ſet on ringing, with his owne weight goes,
Then little ſtrength rings out the dolefull *knell*:
So *Lucrece* ſet aworke, ſad *tales* doth tell,
To penciled penſiueneſſe and colour'd ſorrow. (new

She throwes her eyes about the painted *round*,
And who she finds forlorne she doth lament:
At last she sees a wretched *image* bound,
That piteous lookes to *Phrygian* shepheards lent;
His *face* though full of *cares*, yet shew'd *content*.
Onward to *Troy* with these blunt *swaines* he goes;
So mild, that *patience* seemd to scorne his *woes*.

In him the *painter* labour'd with his *skill*
To hide *deceit* and giue the harmelesse show,
An humble *gate*, calme *lookes*, eyes wayling still,
A *brow* vnbent, that seemed to welcome *wo*,
Cheeks, neyther *red* nor *pale*, but mingled so,
That *blushing red*, no guilty *instance* gaue,
Nor *ashy pale*, the feare that false *hearts* haue.

But like a constant and confirmed *Deuill*,
He entertain'd a show so seeming iust,
And therein so insconst this secret *euill*,
That *Ielousie* it selfe could not mistrust,
False creeping *craft* and *periury* should thrust
Into so bright a *day*, such blackfac'd *stormes*,
Or blot with *hel-borne* sin such *Saint-like* formes.

The well-skild *workman* this mild *Image* drew
For periur'd *Sinon*, whose inchanting *story*
The credulous old *Priam* after slew:
Whose words like *wild-fire* burnt the shining glory
Of rich built *Ilion*, that the *skies*, were sorry,
And little *starres* shot from their fixed places, (*cause*
When their *glasse* fel wherein they view'd their *faces*.

This picture she aduisedly perus'd,
And chid the *Painter* for his wondrous *skill*:
Saying, some shape in *Sinons* was abus'd,
So faire a *forme* lodg'd not a mind so *ill*,
And still on him she gaz'd and gazing still,
Such *signes* of *truth* in his plaine *face* she spied.

It cannot be (quoth she) that so much *guile*,
(She would haue said) can lurke in such a *Looke*:
But *Tarquins* shape came in her minde the while,
And from her *tongue*, can lurke, from cannot, tooke
It cannot be, she in that sense forsooke,
And turn'd it thus, it cannot be I find;
But such a *face* should beare a wicked *minde*.

For euen as subtill *Sinon* here is painted,
So sober sad, so weary and so milde,
(As if with *griefe* or trauaile he had fainted,)
To me came *Tarquin* armed to beguild
With outward honesty, but yet defil'd
With inward *vice*: as *Priam* him did cherish,
So did I *Tarquin*, so my *Troy* did perish.

Looke, looke how listning *Priam* wets his *eyes*,
To see those borrowed *teares* that *Sinon* sheds:
Priam why art thou *old*, and yet not *wise*?
For euery *teare* he fals, a *Troian* bleeds:
His eyes drop *fire*, no *water* thence proceeds:
Those round cleer *pearls* of his that moue thy pity
Are *balls* of quenchlesse *fire* to burne the *City*.

Such *Diuels* steale effects from lightlesse *hell*,
For *Sinon* in his *fire* doth quake with cold,
And in that cold hot burning *fire* doth dwell,
These *contraries* such vnity do hold,
Onely to flatter *fooles* and make them bold:
So *Priams* trust false *Sinons* teares doth flatter
That he finds meanes to burn his *Troy* with *water*.

Here all inrag'd such *passion* her assailes,
That *patience* is quite beaten from her *breast*,
She teares the senselesse *Sinon* with her *nailes*,
Comparing him to that vnhappy *guest*,
Whose *deed* hath made herselfe herselfe detest;
At last she smilingly with this gives ore

Thus *ebs* and *flowes* the current of her *sorrow*,
And *time* doth weary *time* with her complaining,
She lookes for *night*, and then she longs for *morrow*,
And both she thinks too long with her remaining.
Short time seems long, in *sorrowes* sharpe sustaining;
Though *woe* be heauy, yet it seldome sleeps,
And they that watch, see *time* how slow it creeps.

VVhich all this time hath ouerslipt her *thought*,
That she with painted *images* hath spent,
Being from the feeling of her owne *griefe* brought
By deepe surmise of others *detriment*,
Loosing her *woes* in shewes of *discontent*:
It easeth some though none is euer cured,
To thinke their dolour others haue endured.

But now the mindfull *Messenger* comes backe,
Brings home his *Lord* and other company,
VVho finds his *Lucrece* clad in mourning blacke,
And round about her teare-distained *eye*
Blew *circles* streamed, like *Rainbowes* in the *skie*:
These *watergals* in her dim *Element*,
Foretell new *stormes* to those already spent.

VVhich when her sad beholding *husband* saw,
Amazedly in her sad *face* he stares:
Her *eies* though sod in *teares*, lookt *red* and *raw*,
Her liuely colour kild with deadly *cares*,
He hath no power to aske her how she fares,
But stood like *old acquaintance* in a *trance*,
Met far from home, wondring ech others chance.

At last he takes her by the bloudlesse *hand*,
And thus begins: What vncouth ill *euent*
Hath thee befallen, that thou dost trembling stand?
Sweet loue, what spite hath thy *faire colour* spent?
VVhy art thou thus attir'd in *discontent*?
Vnmaske dear *deare* this moody *heauinesse*.

Three times with *sighs* she giues her *sorrow* fire,
Ere once she can discharge one word of *woe*:
At length addrest to answer his desire,
She modestly prepares, to let them know
Her *Honor* is tane prisoner by the *Foe*,
VVhile *Colatine* and his consorted *Lords*
VVith sad attention long to heare her *words*.

And now this pale *Swan* in her *watry nest*,
Begins the *Dirge* of her certaine ending;
Few *words* (quoth shee) shall fit the *tresspasse* best,
VVhere no *excuse* can giue the fault amending,
In me more *woes* than *words* are now depending,
And my *laments* would be drawne out too long,
To tell them all with one poore tired *tongue*.

Then be this all the *taske* it hath to say,
Deare *husband*, in the interest of thy *bed*
A *stranger* came, and on that *pillow* lay,
VVhere thou wast wont to rest thy weary *head*,
And what wrong else may be imagined,
By foule *inforcement* might be done to me,
From that (alas) thy *Lucrece* is not free.

For in the dreadfull *dead* of darke mid-*night*,
VVith shining *Fauchion* in my *chamber* came
A creeping *creature* with a flaming *light*,
And softly cryed, awake thou *Romane Dame*,
And entertaine my *loues*, else lasting *shame*
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my *loues* desire doe contradict.

For some hard fauour'd *groome* of thine, quoth he,
Vnlesse thou yoke thy *liking* to my *will*,
I'le murther straight, and then I'le slaughter thee,
And sweare I found you where you did fulfill
The loathsome act of *Lust*, and so did kill
The *Lechers* in their *deed*, this *act* will be
My *fame* and thy perpetuall *infamy*.

VVith this I did begin to ſtart and cry,
And then againſt my *heart* he ſets his *ſword*,
Swearing, vnleſſe I tooke all patiently,
I ſhould not to ſpeake another word.
So ſhould my *shame* ſtill reſt vpon *record*,
And neuer be forgot in mighty *Rome*
Th'adulterate death of *Lucrece* and her *groome*.

Mine *enemy* was *ſtrong*, my poore ſelfe *weake*,
(And farre the weaker with ſo ſtrong a feare)
My bloudy *Iudge* forbad my *tongue* to ſpeake,
No rightfull *plea* might plead for *Iuſtice* there.
His ſcarlet *luſt* came euidence to ſweare,
That my poore *beauty* had purloin'd his *eyes*;
And when the *Iudge* is rob'd, the *priſoner* dies.

O teach me how to make mine owne *excuſe*,
Or (at the leaſt) this refuge let me finde:
Though my groſſe *bloud* be ſtaind with this *abuſe*,
Immaculate, and ſpotleſſe is my *minde*,
That was not forſt, that neuer was inclin'd
To acceſſary *yeeldings*, but ſtill pure
Doth in her poiſon'd cloſet yet indure.

Loe here the hopeleſſe *Merchant* of his loſſe,
VVith *head* inclin'd, and voice dam'd vp with *woe*,
VVith ſad ſet *eies* and wretched armes acroſſe.
From *lips* new waxen pale, begins to blow
The griefe away, that ſtops his anſwere ſo.
But wretched as he is, he ſtriues in vaine,
What he breathes out, his breath drinks vp againe.

As through an *Arch*, the violent roaring *Tide*,
Out-runs the *eye* that doth behold his haſte:
Yet in the *Edie* boundeth in his pride,
Backe to the *ſtrait* that forſt him on ſo faſt:
A *rage* ſent out, recald in *rage* being paſt;
So his *ſighs*, his *ſorrowes* make a ſaw,
To [illegible] griefe on and back the ſame griefe.

VVhich ſpeechleſſe *woe* of his, poore ſhe attendeth,
And his vntimely *frenzie* thus awaketh,
Deare *Lord*, thy ſorrow to my *ſorrow* lendeth
Another *power*, no *floud* by raining ſlaketh,
My *woe* too ſenſible thy *paſſion* maketh,
More feeling paineſull, let it then ſuffice
To drowne one *woe*, one paire of weeping *eyes*.

And for my ſake when I might charme thee ſo,
For ſhe that was thy *Lucrece*, now attend me,
Be ſuddenly reuenged on my *foe*,
Thine, *mine*, his *owne*, ſuppoſe thou doſt defend me
From what is paſt, the *helpe* that thou ſhalt lend me
Comes all too late, yet let the *Traytor* die:
For ſparing *Iuſtice* feeds *iniquity*.

But ere I name him, you faire *Lords*, quoth ſhe,
(Speaking to thoſe that came to *Colatine*)
Shall plight your honourable *faiths* to me,
VVith ſwift purſuit to venge this *wrong* of mine,
For tis a meritorious faire *deſigne*,
To chaſe *Iniuſtice* with reuengefull *armes*, (harms.
Knights by their *oaths* ſhould right poore *Ladies*

At this *requeſt*, with noble diſpoſition,
Each preſent *Lord* began to promiſe aid,
As bound in *knighthood* to her impoſition,
Longing to heare the hateſull *foe* bewraid.
But ſhe that yet her ſad *taſke* hath not ſaid,
The *proteſtation* ſtops. O ſpeake, quoth ſhe,
How may this forced *ſtaine* be wipt from me?

What is the *qualitie* of mine *offence*,
Being conſtrain'd with dreadfull *circumſtances*
May my pure *mind* with the foule *act* diſpence,
My low declined *honour* to aduance?
May any *termes* acquit me from this *chance*?
The poyſoned *fountaine* cleares it ſelfe againe;

Vpon the relation of *Lucrece* her rape, *Colatine* and the reſt ſwear to reuenge but this ſeems not full ſatiſfaction to her loſſes.

She kil-
leth her
selfe to ex-
asperate
them the
more to
punish the
delin-
quent.

VVith this they all at once began to say,
Her bodies *staine*, the *minde* vntainted cleares,
VVhile with a ioylesse *smile* she turnes away
The *face*, that *map* which deepe impression beares
Of hard *misfortune* carv'd it in with *teares*.
No no, quoth she, no *Dame* hereafter liuing,
By my *excuse* shall claime excuses giuing.

Here with a *sigh*, as if her *heart* would breake,
She throwes forth *Tarquins* name, he, he, she saies:
But more than he, her poore tongue could not speake,
Till after many *accents* and *delaies*,
Vntimely *breathings*, sicke and short assaies,
She vtters this, he, he, faire *Lord*, tis he
That guides this *hand* to giue this *wound* to me.

Euen here sheath'd in her harmelesse *breast*
A harmefull *knife*, that thence her *soule* vnsheathes
That *blow* did bayle it from the deepe vnrest
Of that polluted *prison* where it breathes,
Her contrite *sighs* vnto the *clouds* bequeathes
Her winged *spright*, and through her *wounds* doth fly
Lifes lasting date from cancelld *destiny*.

Stone-still, astonisht with this deadly *deed*,
Stood *Colatine* and all his *Lordly* crue,
Till *Lucrece* father that beholds her bleed,
Himselfe, on her self-slaughtered *body* threw,
And from the purple fountaine *Brutus* drew,
The murderous *knife*, and as it left the *place*,
Her *bloud* in poore reuenge, held it in chase.

And bubbling from her *brest*, it doth diuide
In two slow *riuers*, that the crimson *blood*
Circles her *body* in on every side,
VVho like a late sackt *Iland* vastly stood
Bare and vnpeopled in this fearefull *flood*.
Some of her *blood*, still pure and red remain'd

About the mourning and congealed *face*
That blacke *blood*, a watry *rigoll* goes,
VVhich seemes to weepe vpon the tainted *place*:
And euer since a pitying *Lucrece* woes,
Corrupted bloud some watry *token* showes,
And *blood* vntainted still doth red abide,
Blushing at that which is so putrifide.

Daughter, deare *daughter*, old *Lucretius* cries,
That life was mine which thou hast here deprived,
If in the *childe* the *fathers* image lies,
VVhere shall I liue now *Lucrece* is vnliued?
Thou wast not to this end from me deriued.
If *children* prædecease *Progenitours*,
VVe are their *off-spring* and they none of *ours*.

Poore broken *glasse*, I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance, my old *age* new borne,
But now that faire fresh *mirrour* dim and old,
Shewes me a barebon'd *death* by *time* out-worne,
O from my cheeks my *image* thou hast torne,
And shiuer'd all the beauty from my *glasse*,
That I no more can see what once *I was*.

O *time* cease thou thy *course* and hast no longer,
If thou surcease to be that should suruiue:
Shall rotten *death* make conquest of the stronger,
And leaue the foultring feeble *soules* aliue?
The old *Bees* die, the yong possesse their *hiue*,
Then liue sweet *Lucrece*, liue again and see
Thy *father* die, and not thy *father* thee.

By this starts *Colatine* as from a *dreame*,
And bids *Lucretius* giue his *sorrow* place,
And then in *Key*-cold *Lucrece* bleeding streame
He fals, and bathes the pale feare in his *face*,
And counterfeits to die with her a space.
Till manly *shame* bids him possesse his *breath*

The deepe vexation of his inward *soule*,
Hath seru'd a dumb arrest vpon his *tongue*,
VVho made that *sorrow* should his use controle,
Or keepe him from heart-easing *words* so long,
Begins to talke, but through his *lips* do throng
Weak *words*, so thicke come in his poore *hearts*
That no *man* could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime *Tarquin* was pronounced plaine,
But through his *teeth* as if his *name* he tore,
This windy tempest till it blow vp raine,
Held back his *sorrowes* tide to make it more.
At last it *raines*, and busie *winds* giue ore:
Then *sonne* and *father* weep with equall strife,
VVho should weep most for *daughter* or for *wife*.

The one doth call her *his*, the other *his*,
Yet neither may possesse the claime they lay,
The *father* saies, she's mine; O mine she is,
Replies her *husband*; doe not take away
My *sorrowes* interest, let no *mourner* say
He weepes for her, for she was only mine,
And onely must be waild by *Colatine*.

O, quoth *Lucretius*, I did giue that life
VVhich she too early and too late hath spild.
VVoe, woe, quoth *Colatine*, she was my *wife*,
I owed her, and tis mine that she hath kild.
My *daughter* and my *wife* with clamors fild
The dispersest *aire*, who holding *Lucrece* life,
Answered their *cries*; my *daughter* and my *wife*.

Brutus who pluckt the *knife* from *Lucrece* side,
Seeing such emulation in their *woe*,
Began to cloath his wit in *state* and *pride*,
Burying in *Lucrece* wound his *follies show*:
He with the *Romanes* was esteemed so,
As seely Ieering *ideots* are with *kings*.

But now he throwes that shallow habit by,
VVherein the *policy* did him disguise,
And arm'd his long hid *wits* aduisedly
To check the *teares* in *Colatinus* eyes.
Thou wronged *Lord* of *Rome*, quoth he, arise,
Let my vnsounded selfe suppos'd a foole
Now set thy long experienst *wit* to schoole.

VVhy *Colatine*, is *woe* the cure for *woe*?
Doe *wounds* helpe *wounds*, or *greefe* helpe grieuous *deeds*?
Is it reuenge to giue thy selfe a blow
For his foule *Act*, by whom thy faire *wife* bleeds?
Such childish *humor* from weake *minds* proceeds:
Thy wreched *wife* mistooke the matter so,
To slay her selfe, that should haue slaine her *Foe*.

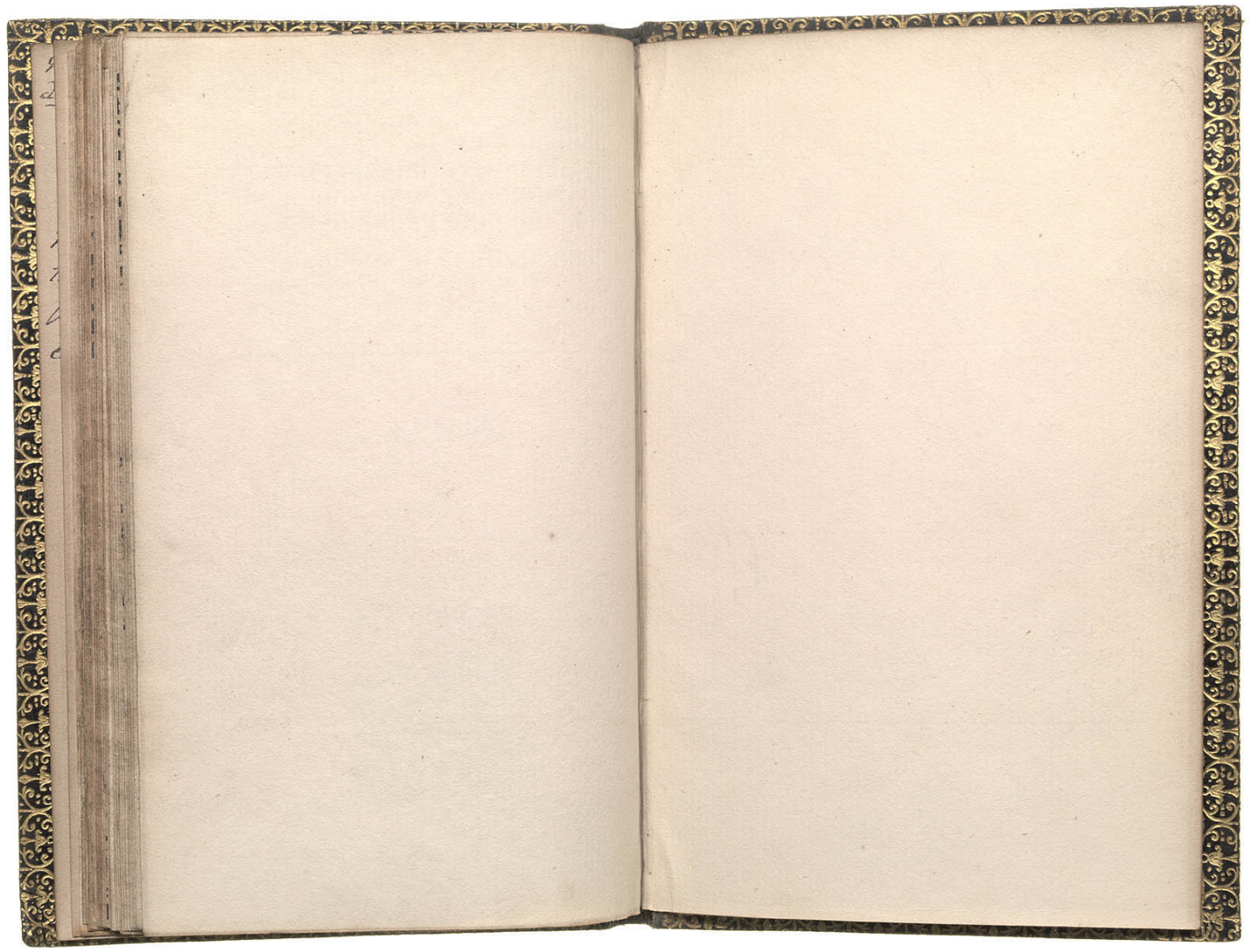
Couragious *Romane* doe not steepe thy *heart*
In such lamenting dew of *lamentations*,
But kneele with me and helpe to beare thy part,
To rouse our *Roman Gods* with inuocations,
That they will suffer these abhominations,
(Since *Rome* her self in them doth stand disgraced
By our strong *arms* from forth her faire *streets* chased.

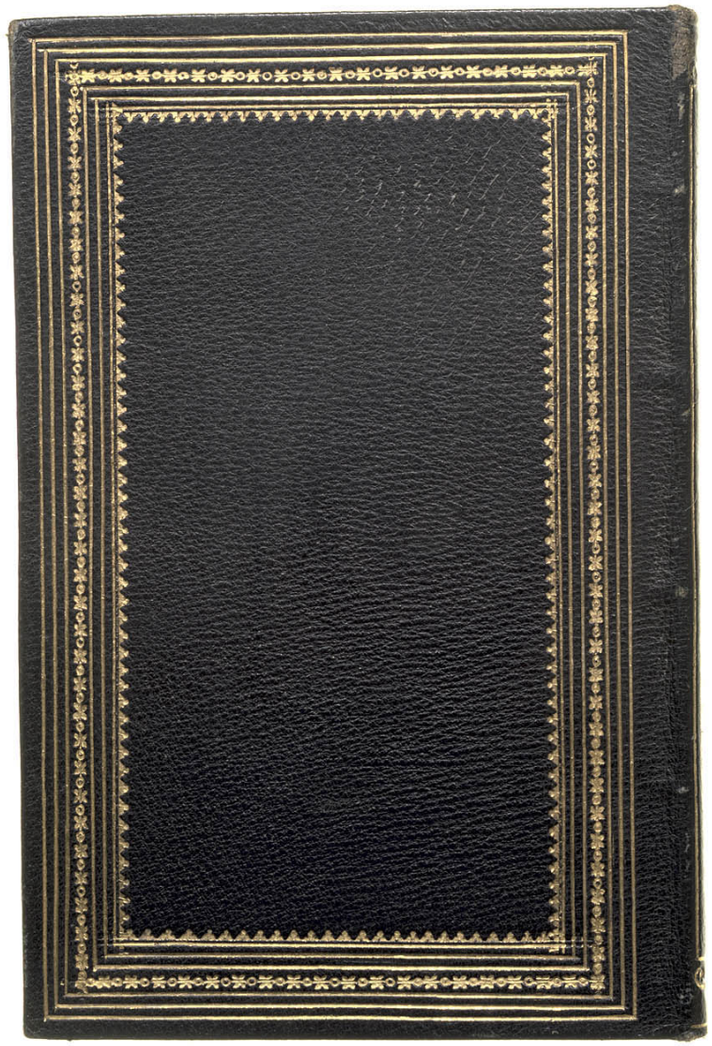
Now by the *Capitoll* that we adore,
And by this *chast blood* so vniustly stained,
By *heauens* faire *sun* that breeds the fat earths *store*,
By all our *country rites* in *Rome* maintained,
And by chast *Lucreces* soule that late complained
Her wrongs to vs, and by this *bloudy knife*,
VVe will reuenge the *death* of this true *wife*.

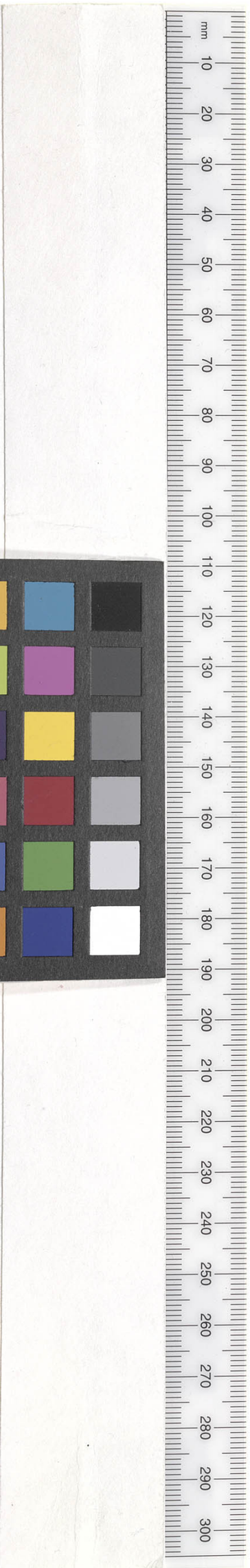
This said, he strooke his *hand* vpon his *breast*,
And kist the fatall *knife* to the end his vow:
And to his protestation vrg'd the rest,
VVho wondring at him did his *words* allow:
Then ioyntly to the *ground* their knees they bow,
And that deepe *vow* which *Brutus* made before,

VVhen they had ſworne to his aduiſed *doome*,
They did conclude to beare dead *Lucrece* thence,
To ſhew the bleeding *body* throughout *Rome*,
And ſo to publiſh *Tarquins* foule *offence*;
VVhich being done, with ſpeedy diligence,
The *Romanes* plauſibly did giue conſent,
To *Tarquins* euerlaſting *banishment*.

FINIS.







SHAKESPEARE'S RAPE OF LUCRECE.